

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by
Marvin Dana, author
of "Within the Law,"
from the suc-
cessful play by
Daniel D. Carter



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SYNOPSIS.

Henry Allen, a young married man, is sentenced to prison for killing the man who won the affections of Allen's wife. Allen's brother, Andrew, known to the criminal world as "The Master Mind," determines to avenge his brother. He secures the district attorney, Walnwright, who is the district attorney that he will send him white, red and black cards indicating the progress of his plans for revenge.

Andrew discovers that the district attorney is a man who once saved his life. The district attorney, Walnwright, has been searching for this girl, but cannot find her.

Andrew sends the girl and after conspiring to send her to prison gets her released. He then educates her.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Mrs. Blount's humorous sense of the situation caused her again to speak. "I can't see that he's changed a mite, dad," she remarked, with a mellow gurgle of laughter.

"Aw, cut that!" Walter insisted suddenly.

"Do you know what you're up against?" he questioned shrilly. "I tell you, straight, this game's dangerous. Do you know, it's some kind of a frame up Andrew's got against Walnwright?"

"Walnwright?" Blount cried, agitated at this disquieting statement as to the thing in which he had become involved. "You don't mean the one here—the one that was district attorney?"

"That's just the guy I mean," was the savage assurance.

Blount showed symptoms of alarm. His ruddy face grayed a little, and the heavy flesh of the jaws sagged.

"It don't look good to me," Blount confessed soberly. "What's the idea?"

Walter shook his head in admission of ignorance.

"All I know is that he's got it in for Walnwright." Again he shook his head. "That's all I know. Whatever it is, it's something here. If you don't believe me just mention the name of Walnwright some time when he's around. You watch him then, and you'll see, all right."

By a great effort of self control Blount reassumed his manner of geniality.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed patronizingly. "I really must look into this matter, quite in the interests of my friend. You know, I'm an old friend of his."



"Ain't t'at the limit?"

of Andrew's, and merely to oblige him I've agreed to adopt a son and daughter for a few weeks."

Mrs. Blount spoke aggressively. "Yes, John," she said, "and you know he's absolutely assured us that the whole thing was only a harmless joke."

She hesitated slightly, then continued doubtfully. "But if it's as Walter says—"

"Listen here, son," he said presently, with a return to his kinder manner. "I'm going to be a father to you I've got to be it all the time, that's certain—not merely when somebody else is around. I can't be a fond father one minute and then be hating you inside the next, although when this

is. "One of these days my patience will be exhausted." He waited a moment, surveying the youth with a lasting stare. Then, abruptly, he doffed his dominant manner and in its stead assumed the pose of the respected servant. He bowed humbly to Walter, the nominal head of the household. "Why not show your father through the house, sir?" he suggested.

At once, without any trace of embarrassment, he took the part assigned to him.

"Sure!" he exclaimed, boyishly aglow with pride in the new possession of this city home. He beamed on the bewildered Blount. "Come on, dad!" he urged boisterously. "You'll sure find this place all to the good."

CHAPTER VI.

Lucene.

MRS. BLOUNT possessed the feminine trait of curiosity. She made a dawdling round of the room, scrutinizing every detail of its arrangement. At the very last she came to the little table, toward which Andrew had glanced to note the shimmer of blue light. By instinct her eyes went straight to the ring on the instant of her approach. As she beheld the luster of the jewel her handsome face suddenly flamed with greed, and she uttered an ejaculation of delight. For long seconds she contemplated the glittering bauble with rapture, bending her face ever closer and closer as under a spell. Then, in a sudden realization of her avaricious thought, she started guiltily, and peered about the room with furtive glances, to make sure that none spied upon her. Again, she studied the stone with a sensuous ecstasy in its primed brilliancy; again, she tore her eyes from its charm, and now she moved from it in resolute effort to escape temptation. But the old habit of life dragged her back to the table, and she put forth a covetous hand, seized the ring, carried it to her bosom, smiling.

But very soon her mood veered. The smile vanished from her full lips. Her expression became that of poignant grief. By slow degrees the hand that held the ring moved from her breast, reached to the table, set the jewel back in its place. It was at this moment that Andrew reentered. At sight of Mrs. Blount realized with a shudder how narrow had been the margin of her escape from detection in the very act of theft. She pointed toward the little table and spoke with a catch in her voice:

"Andrew, just look at what you left on that table there. It's a good thing there haven't been any strangers in the house with that lying around loose."

Andrew crossed to the table and picked up the ring. There was a faint smile on his closely set lips as he turned and went to the woman. He extended the ring with a slight bow.

"Mrs. Blount," he said pleasantly, "allow me," Andrew nodded assent as he dropped the ring into her itching palm. "Only a word of counsel," he said. "Remember that who I am and what my exact intentions may be are of no interest to you. So be careful."

Having thus admonished her he left her alone to her happiness.

And Mrs. Blount, watching the luxurious play of the varicolored curls from the diamond, murmured contentedly in the softest notes of her throaty voice:

"I'm sure you're honest."

The secret soon unfolded in Andrew the arrival of Mrs. Blount and was directed to show the young lady into the library as soon as she should be ready for an interview.

Andrew descended to the library with an air of expectancy that was almost disconcerting to himself. He opened Parker, whom he found as neatly stationed in the hall, to admit him to the privacy of the library, to bring Walter on hearing the bell. And at last a delicate resting of draperies, unimpeded of the door and Lucene entered.

The girl stopped short at sight of the man, arrested for a moment by the steeple of his eyes. No least trace of Maggie Flint, misanthropic and coiled, remained visible in the person of this gentle maiden. The promise of her beauty had been most nobly fulfilled. She was of dignified fairness.

With a golden crown of locks like corn silk in the sun, as luxuriant as finely spun. The exquisite features, set in the perfect oval of the face, were pearl

of coloring, save where the blood that blushed in cheeks and deepened winsomely in lips. At his smile Lucene came to him swiftly. "Oh, at last!" she exclaimed. His smile grew as he spoke: "You're not going to be lonesome for France, are you, Lucene?" "Indeed, no," was the joyous answer, given with a half disdainful pout



"It sure pays to be honest."

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of the red lips. "I was happy enough there. But, after all, it wasn't America—it wasn't home."

Now, since her first strong emotion at the meeting was past, Lucene was constrained to astonishment over something strange and unexpected in the appearance of the man before her.

"Why, Mr. Andrew," she said, with some show of confusion over her own temerity, "how odd you look! What is it? Oh, yes, of course! It's your clothes. What can it mean? Tell me, please."

At the request the smile vanished from the face of the Master Mind. "Patience, patience!" he admonished. "You shall know all about everything presently, but not quite yet. It isn't necessary now."

Then he continued: "Tell me, instead, has our little girl left her heart in Paris or has she brought it back intact?" Though he put the question so lightly, it was of import to him in his scheme of vengeance.

"Oh, neither the one or the other," Lucene declared, with a note of resentment against the idea. "I left my heart here, sir, when I went away. You should know that, for I told you all about my one very meager romance, which can never come to anything, of course."

"Never is a long time," Andrew suggested drily, in motion by his intrigues he had set in motion by his mechanism for the securing of destiny. "So, then, you have actually remained faithful to the old memory all this long time?"

"Does it surprise you?" She became grave. "I think that I have that virtue—faithfulness," she said, hesitatingly. "It's only an ideal, perhaps, but," she was violently aroused by Andrew's next words:

"I'm sorry," he said deliberately, "that I'm going to surprise you a bit. You shall see him soon."

The girl started, and her eyes sought those of the speaker in amazed questioning.

"Oh, Mr. Andrew! You can't mean—"

"Yes," the man said with quiet emphasis. "I do mean just what I have said. You shall see that ideal of yours very soon. I'll promise you, my dear girl. Yes, you are to meet the one that owes his life to you, yet doesn't even know your name. And you are to meet him speedily too."

Lucene's eyes were like stars now, shimmering with the gusty joy of her heart, and her lips wreathed to a smile of delight.

"Oh, when?" she cried. "Oh, tell me when! It can't be true. It's too wonderful to be true. Is he quite well?"

"Quite."

"When they took him away in the ambulance," she continued pensively. "I was sure that he must die, in spite of what I had tried to do for him."

"And so he would have died," Andrew said gravely, "but for you."

"I did do the right thing, didn't I?" she said eagerly.

"Yes," Andrew agreed. "You did the only thing that could have saved him. But tell me, if you please, how did you ever learn to make a tourniquet?"

"Why, as to that?" came the ready reply. "I'd seen pictures of them in those 'first aid' things on a placard in a train, and I studied them until I understood the principle just because I had nothing else to do at the time. And then," a tremor was in her voice at the memory, "when he was thrown from the automobile right there at my feet almost and lay bleeding so dreadfully, then somehow I remembered."

"And you never forgot him," the man exclaimed, his wonder over this lightening evoking of her. "And you never forgot," he repeated softly, with a half evasive note in his voice. "You never forgot, though neither of you even so much as know the other's name."

The suggestion in his words quickened the girl's curiosity.

"Oh," she begged, "who is he?"

Andrew regarded her quizzically. "It was a small chance, a mighty small one, that you two should ever meet again, the little, friendly waif of the city and the brilliant man of the world. Yet so it was to be. Yes, so it was to be. It was for this purpose that I took the house here. For this same purpose I have created a family for you, Lucene, to take the place of the one you lost when you were a mere child. I have provided for you a father, a mother, a brother. Even I have made for you a nameless past—a past that will stand all the scrutiny it is ever likely to receive and more."

Nevertheless the girl, even in the face of these astonishing revelations, held her chief interest on that ideal around which had clustered the dearest memories of her heart through the years. So now she made no comment.

"Does he remember me?"

"Much more than that," Andrew asserted briskly. "He has tried again and again to find you. Since my having you in charge it has been, of course, impossible for him to learn anything of you. But now the time has come to reveal you."

The girl's face darkened a little. "Oh," she cried, gravely, "why didn't you tell me that when you knew that I?" Her voice broke pitifully.

"In order, first, to educate and train you, so that there could be no question as to your fitness, your standing as a woman of refinement and breeding; and, secondly, to gain time for the blotting out of a past which, though you yourself were absolutely innocent, would have forever kept you apart from him."

The girl acquiesced by silence in the justice of her guardian's reasoning.

"And you really—really do know him?" she questioned.

"At least I have seen him, and I know that he exists right here in this very city just now," Andrew replied, smiling.

"Oh! And don't you, too, admire him—ever so much?"

Fortunately for the girl's peace of mind she did not see the unlovely hardening of the man's face. But his self control was strong.

"Why, once he unknowingly rendered me a great service, and I—well, I desire to return it in kind."

(Continued Next Week.)

Legal Notices

STATE OF MICHIGAN

County of Gratiot.
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.
In Chancery.
William E. Hendricks, Complainant,
vs.
William Finley, Jr., his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Thomas G. H. Henderson, or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns of Henry M. Henderson, deceased, and the unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns of James Fraser, deceased, and the wife, if any, of Ephraim S. Williams, Defendants.

At a regular session of said court held in the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 8th day of April A. D. 1915.

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge.

William E. Hendricks, the above named complainant, having filed in said court a duly verified bill of complaint against the above named and unnamed defendants, and which said bill is brought to quiet and remove clouds from the title to land described as the south west quarter of the south west quarter of section thirty-four, in township eleven north of range one west, Michigan, and the north east quarter of the north east quarter of section four in township ten north of range one west, Michigan.

It is further ordered that within twenty days after the date of this order the complainant cause a copy thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time prescribed herein for their appearance.

Kelly S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.

At a session of said court, held at the Court House in the village of Ithaca in said county, on the 15th day of April, 1915.

PRESENT, J. Lee Potts, Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Henry C. Worden, deceased.

The above estate having been admitted to probate and Mary A. Billings of Temple, Michigan appointed Administratrix thereof.

It is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate and that such claims will be heard by said court on Friday, the 13th day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

It is further ordered that public notice of the hearing of said claims be given by publication of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed in and circulated in said county.

J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

County of Gratiot.
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.
In Chancery.

Alma College, an educational corporation, Complainant,
vs.
William Finley, Junior, Gardner D. Williams, Elmore Weaver, and Anna P. Carroll, Defendants.

This bill is brought to quiet and remove clouds from the title to lands described in said bill of complaint as follows:

The south west quarter of the south west quarter of section thirty-four, in township eleven north of range one west, Michigan, and the north east quarter of the north east quarter of section four in township ten north of range one west, Michigan.

At a regular session of said court held in the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 10th day of April A. D. 1915.

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge.

William Finley, Junior, Gardner D. Williams, Elmore Weaver, and Anna P. Carroll, the above named defendants, have filed in said court a bill of complaint against the complainant, Alma College, and which said bill is brought to quiet and remove clouds from the title to lands described as the south west quarter of the south west quarter of section thirty-four, in township eleven north of range one west, Michigan, and the north east quarter of the north east quarter of section four in township ten north of range one west, Michigan.

It is further ordered that within twenty days after the date of this order the defendant cause a copy thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time prescribed herein for their appearance.

Kelly S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.

At a regular session of said court held in the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 10th day of April A. D. 1915.

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge.

Jefferson P. Gulick, Complainant,
vs.
The unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns of John Deeter, deceased, Defendants.

At a regular session of said court held in the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 10th day of April A. D. 1915.

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge.

ESTATE OF MARY A. MORSE

Hearing Claims

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot.

At a session of said court, held at the Probate office in the village of Ithaca in said county, on the 4th day of May, 1915.

Present, J. Lee Potts, Judge.

In the matter of the Estate of MARY A. MORSE, Deceased.

The above estate having been admitted to probate and James G. Kress of Alma, Michigan appointed Executor thereof.

It is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate and that such claims will be heard by said court on Saturday the 4th day of September, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county.

J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

Belle Jenne, Clerk of Probate.

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